

Light:

A Journal of Psychical, Occult, and Mystical Research.

'LIGHT! MORE LIGHT!'—Goethe,

'WHATSOEVER DOTH MAKE MANIFEST IS LIGHT.'—Paul.

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NOTES BY THE WAY.

From Dr. William Sharpe, of Toronto, whose poems and essays have met with favourable recognition in literary circles, we have received a pamphlet, 'The Conversion of India' ('Two Worlds' Publishing Company, 6d.). Dr. Sharpe claims that orthodox Christianity, by reason of being out of touch with the special needs of the time, is rapidly losing ground. As modified by some of its leading exponents it is acquiring a Unitarian aspect, and an element of confusion is introduced, so that the need is now urgent for 'a restatement of the Christian religion on a reasonable and scientific basis.' And Dr. Sharpe contends that if the Hindu people are to be influenced by Christianity, it should be by means of a higher and more universal form, based . . . upon science, reason, and the unchangeable laws of life, and [one] that will harmonise with the great leading principles of all ancient Scriptures, including their own voluminous Vedic writings.

He does not altogether deprecate the work of Christian missionaries in India, holding that, at least, they have done good in awakening its people from their long lethargy. And it may be added that they have indirectly contributed to that ambition which now possesses many progressive teachers to bring about the formation of a universal religion that shall embrace all the highest principles of all faiths. Religious thought just now is undergoing a process of fermentation, the effects of which will be far-reaching and will, we are confident, bring us measurably nearer the great ideal—a faith based on Nature, Reason and Intuition, embracing in its scope humanity in this world and the next.

A correspondent ('Investigator') whose letter was published in 'LIGHT' some time ago, and who then appealed for opportunities of witnessing physical phenomena, now writes expressing his disappointment at the result.

No one (he complains) seems willing to show proofs of materialisation without being paid—a condition which under the special circumstances would give rise to suspicion that material rather than spiritual ends were in view.

Now we quite agree with the idea that the commercial element in psychic matters is a regrettable necessity, but it is a necessity none the less. They who serve the altar must live by the altar. We pay our priests, our poets, artists and orators, why not our mediums? The rule, of course, is not invariable. Some workers who are not dependent on their work for the means of livelihood generously give their services. Some of our best mediums have been sufficiently dowered with this world's goods to be able to refuse any compensation for the exercise of their gifts. Often their generosity has been abused, and, sensible

of the dangers of admitting all and sundry to their circles, they and their friends have been driven to adopt a necessary policy of exclusiveness. Many people do not appreciate privileges that are too readily bestowed, and the result has been that investigators who, for one reason or another, have been unable to gain admission to such circles have to resort to professional mediums, in default of possessing the time and patience to establish their own circles and develop the conditions necessary for the phenomena they desire to witness.

Now, we have not a word to say against professional mediums. Often they live hard and painful lives, their labours embittered by boorish and inquisitive folk utterly oblivious of the delicate machinery placed at their disposal for a fee. On certain mechanical toys the manufacturers place a notice that the apparatus should not be roughly handled. Mediumship—which is *not* a toy—is far more in need of such protection, relating, as it does, to infinitely more delicate processes. In saying this we do not reflect for a moment on the motives which animate 'Investigator.' We accept his statement that he is moved by the desire to ascertain the truth. But he will see the application of our remarks. Hostile or sensation-mongering investigators have by their methods lessened the opportunities of those actuated by worthy motives. But the position of the latter is far from hopeless. If you cannot buy a plant ready-grown, the next best thing is to obtain the seeds and sow them. In other words, form your own circle and develop your own medium. The professional mediums all had to go through the same process. It takes time and pains and patience, but often there are some startling and pleasant surprises. Some people, although utterly ignorant of psychic phenomena, are powerful mediums, needing only the conditions of a circle to develop their powers with rapidity and ease. And phenomena elicited in this way are often more satisfactory—not to say educative—than those obtained amongst strangers. Nevertheless the objection to payment for psychic services may easily be exaggerated. It stands to reason that persons who have made mediumship a life work can often present results far superior to those obtained by casual and amateur efforts.

Mr. C. W. Leadbeater's manual, 'A Text Book of Theosophy' (The 'Theosophist' Office, Adyar, Madras, 1s. 6d. net), is a very lucid and concise presentation of its subject—it might almost be described as 'Theosophy at a glance.' Here the inquirer will find those mysteries for a solution of which the truth-seeker is in quest all explained, docketed and pigeon-holed; for the Theosophical teacher (to quote Omar Kháyyám) 'knows about it all—he knows—he knows!' Life, death, the after-death states, reincarnation, all are described with a firm, unfaltering touch. And that is why, with every sympathy for the work of our Theosophic friends, we hesitate and doubt. We do not think the great mysteries of existence are within our grasp to anything like the extent such books represent. There is a

'fatal facility' about these methods which does not commend itself to us. We fear there will be a good deal to unlearn. All the same the book contains many statements which have our entire acquiescence. We fully agree that the next world is largely conditioned by the thought of the percipient. But when that is stated as an objection to its reality—well, that cuts both ways. In a word, we think it applies just as much to the account of it given by the Theosophist as to that reported by the Spiritualist. We submit, in all friendliness, that it is putting the matter a little too high to suggest that the Theosophical view is the real one and the Spiritualistic merely the fanciful.

Those who think of intelligence as something confined to the human brain take but a limited view of the universe. Intelligence is expressed through all the operations of Nature. The following from an article on 'Cell Minds,' in 'The Nautilus,' deals suggestively with one aspect of the question:—

The cell has intelligence sufficient to enable it to seek nourishment and to move from one place to another in search of food, or for other purposes. It holds to its food when secured, and envelops it until it is absorbed and digested. It exercises the power of choice, accepting and selecting one portion of food in preference to another. It has the power of discriminating between nourishing food and the reverse. The authorities show that it has a rudimentary memory, and avoids the repetition of an unpleasant or painful experience, and also returns to the locality in which it has previously secured food. Biological experiments have shown that the cells are capable of experiencing surprise, pleasure and fear, and that they experience different degrees of feeling, and react accordingly in response to stimuli.

Man is indeed 'fearfully and wonderfully made,' wheels within wheels, intelligence within intelligence. But the term 'intelligence' is often very loosely employed. It is used to denote intellect, which is a faculty of the human brain, and a non-moral faculty too. There is sometimes a wide difference between the intelligent mind and the merely intellectual one.

THE RELIGION OF THE FUTURE.

'The Review of Reviews' for August quotes Dr. Munro, a Rationalist, as having said at Yokohama:—

Auguste Comte struck the harp of a world religion when he announced to mankind that the longer human culture endured, the more would humanity be governed by the dead. Gentlemen, this is a great thought, a fundamental thought. In doing so, I ask you to regard the cult of ancestor worship, not merely as a survival from a hoary antiquity, but as an organisation of homage, which, deleted of supernatural vestiges, is destined to become a great world religion, serving not alone the ethical, but the intellectual and emotional needs of our common humanity.

We think Dr. Munro is on the wrong tack. There has been too much hero worship, and the tendency in future will be to recognise and value principles and to revere individuals only in so far as they express the noblest sentiments, and embody the highest truths in their motives and lives. Dr. Munro would delete 'supernatural vestiges'; but if by that he means the recognition of the continued existence of ancestors, then he is doubly wrong, for the recognition of survival and progress after death, and rational association and intercourse with the 'departed,' so-called, will be marked features of the faith of the future. Man will not be 'governed by the dead,' but he will co-operate with the living spirits who, although they have been emancipated from physical conditions, still retain interest in the affairs of men and desire to assist them in their development.

SPIRIT HEALING.—Daily, except Saturdays, Mr. Percy R. Street, the healing medium, will attend between 11 a.m. and 2 p.m., at 110, St. Martin's-lane, W.C., for diagnosis by a spirit control, magnetic healing, and delineations from the personal aura. For full particulars see the advertisement supplement.

THE VOICES, 1912.

By VICE-ADMIRAL W. USBORNE MOORE.

(Continued from page 399.)

The following letter was written to my friend Lady Hill, the widow of a late Governor of Newfoundland, who lives at Southsea. It is from a young relative by marriage, who, on hearing that I was collecting narratives of the sittings at Wimbledon, kindly gave me permission to send it to 'LIGHT' for publication:—

My dear Lady Hill,—I know you will be anxious to hear all about the séance. We [*i.e.* the writer and her mother] were much impressed with our experiences. The first spirit that talked to us was Uncle John, which is a curious fact, as one or two members of mother's family that have attended séances with English mediums have said that Uncle John is always the first to come and speak. He said, 'I have come to my sister,' and added that he was so pleased to be able to talk to us. We asked him if he would ask father and Alice to come, and he said he would send them. Later on mother was knocked with the trumpet on her face and knees; then we heard kisses and a voice saying, 'I am William.' He said to mother [his widow], 'I hope you are well; don't worry.' Mother asked him if he was happy, and who was with him. He replied, 'Yes, I am quite happy and we are always together, seven of us.' I asked him who were the seven, and he said, 'Father and mother, Stevie, Alice, Willie, and the little baby.' I said, 'Oh, yes; Gerald, that was the name of Maudie's little baby she lost.' Then father said to mother, 'You will come when you can, and thank you for all your tender care of me.' Then mother asked him if he ever came to her; he replied, 'I am with you every night. Good-bye, dearest.' We asked him if he would send Alice and he answered, 'She will come.' Presently mother felt three gentle knocks on her shoulder, and the trumpet knocked me on the knees; then a voice, 'I am Alice,' and several kisses sounded in the trumpet, 'It is nice to be able to talk to you.' Mother explained, 'Your children are very happy and well, and Vesey has never forgotten you.' Alice replied in quite a matter-of-fact way, 'I am with them always.' I asked, 'What message shall I give them?' She said, 'Nothing; they would not understand.' Then I inquired if she was happy and what she was doing. She replied, 'Yes, quite happy; I am progressing and am teaching in a kindergarten.'

This last answer is very remarkable, as I told one or two people a long time ago, soon after dear Alice passed over, that I woke up one night hearing her talking and then saw her most vividly in a hat, coat and skirt, just her old self, smiling. When I have mentioned this to anyone I have always said, 'It was so strange, as she seemed to be talking to a lot of children, which puzzled me.' She said one or two more little things, and then, 'Good-bye to all and to you, sweet mother'; then kisses were heard in the trumpet.

There were several other people there who held conversations with spirits; one conversed in German. Mr. Stead had a long conversation with one gentleman present. We saw one or two spirit-forms at the beginning of the séance, but not afterwards. Sir Henry Irving, Cardinal Newman, 'Julia,' and 'Dr. Sharp' manifested. The latter controlled the séance; he got angry twice when the sitters were dense and stupid and raised his voice very loud, which amused me. I did not feel in the least nervous; the only time I was startled was when the trumpet touched me; it was pitch dark. . . I think what impressed me most was that everything was so natural.—Yours very affectionately,
N.

I have already reported the strange fact that 'John King,' the control of Husk and Williams, took charge of Mrs. Wriedt's séances at Cambridge House, 'Dr. Sharp' (the psychic's own control) remaining in the background when the circle was composed of sitters who did not personally know him.

My friends, Major and Mrs. R., with Colonel L., attended a well-selected general circle in the middle of May, when they were much interested. Among other events 'John King' came and accosted Mrs. R. as 'The Rose,' an old joke of his when she sat with Husk and Williams. At the end of the month this party formed a private circle one afternoon, made up of Mrs. R.'s daughter, a Mrs. F. B. and her son, a Mrs. B., and a Mr. J. In the evening Mrs. R. kindly sent me the following account:—

Dear Admiral Moore,—I am writing to tell you about to-day's séance, which was most interesting. 'Grayfeather' came strong and said 'Usborne' had sent him, and asked what we wanted. He told Mr. F. B. that a 'Frenchie' was there for him. (This 'Frenchie,' whom he does not know, came one day previously

when he had a private séance with his mother and told him he was interesting himself greatly in his motor business, and was then 'recommended' by his grandfather, who also spoke that day). 'Uncle' [of 'John King's' band] came after 'Grayfeather,' but only said, 'Don't like trumpet'; 'Joey' [same band] followed and remarked that he did not either. ('Uncle' had told us through the table last week that he would 'try talk trumpet'). 'John King' moved a glass full of flowers and water and gave it to Mr. J. to pass round the circle. A spirit came to my husband; at first we could not get his name and he was emphatic in refusing the names we tried to give him. At last he made it quite clear that he was Colonel P. whom my husband knew at his club and also connected with Freemasonry; he passed over about a year ago. He asked my husband to repeat a toast that he used to give at Freemason dinners and which always amused him, saying 'I should like to hear it again.' My husband repeated it, when Colonel P. laughed in the trumpet and exclaimed 'We do not forget the "Jacks" and "Johnnies."' (My husband is called 'Jack' or 'Johnny.') The spirit then repeated a sort of toast in rhyme himself.

An old uncle next came, gave his name, 'William,' talked to my husband, and said that our son was with us yesterday, but had gone to-day 'on a visit to ——' (great attempts to say where; it sounded like 'Miss Kes') 'to prepare for to-morrow.' (My boy has gone to Miss Keyser's officers' hospital to-day to prepare for an operation to his leg to-morrow.) This spirit also picked out my daughter in the circle and spoke to her; he had passed over years before she was born.

'Sister Amy' [Craddock's band] sang 'Just a song at twilight' alone, when I asked her for her favourite song. Very strong voices joined in 'Lead, kindly light.' Two spirits spoke a long time at the same moment—one a woman, who whispered to Mr. J., another (a South African) trying to make himself known to Colonel L. When we asked for the name of the latter, 'Grayfeather' said, 'Oh, it is as long as your arm.'

'John King' and 'Julia' both spoke very clearly. . . . We did not get many of our particular friends for more than a moment. Mrs. F. B. and Mrs. B. had no spirit visitors. Altogether, it was a wonderful séance—I think, as far as tests go, the best we have ever attended.—Yours sincerely,

S. R.

REMARKS BY COLONEL L.

Dear Admiral,—Mrs. R. has just read out her letter to Major R. and myself. We think it is a most accurate description, with the exception of 'Sister Amy's' manifestation. When asked by Mr. J. about her favourite song, she said, 'You sing it,' which he did, and then she sang it alone. The voice that joined in when we sang 'Lead, kindly light,' was very like the one we were accustomed to hear at Husk's séances (Cardinal Newman's acolyte). The Cardinal himself came and blessed us in Latin, as at Husk's. We were all much pleased and impressed.—Yours sincerely,

F. P. L.

A few days later the same party had another private sitting. This time 'Cheiro' accompanied them, but neither Mrs. Wriedt nor the ladies of the house knew who the stranger was until after the sitting was over.

Colonel L. wrote to me the same evening:—

My dear Admiral,—We had our last sitting with Mrs. Wriedt this afternoon. 'Cheiro' sat with us. We had very little, but what we had was very wonderful. First, some very bright lights and an indistinct figure; then a voice through the trumpet addressed R., and gave the name 'F——.' R. said, 'Oh, R—— F——, who used to be in the regiment?' The voice answered, 'Yes.' I said, 'F——, you must know me, too.' Answer: 'Of course I do.'

I said, 'Tell me your nickname in the regiment.' Answer: 'They called me D—— F——.' (This was perfectly correct; he passed over about two years ago, and was always called 'D——'.)

He then said to Mrs. R., 'How is your boy getting on?' (He, F——, has a son in our old regiment, a great friend of R.'s boy, who is also in the regiment.) I said, 'D——' (calling him by his nickname), 'I saw your boy at our regimental dinner.' Answer: 'I know; you had a great spread.' He went on to say he was perfectly happy, and bade us 'Good-bye.'

How could one have a better test than this? 'Cheiro' had visits from two friends and his sister; the latter addressed him in very affectionate tones by his Christian name. After this the power seemed gone. Mrs. Wriedt is the most wonderful medium I have ever seen. . . .—Yours sincerely,

F. P. L.

Commenting on this sitting, Mrs. R. wrote:—

Major F.'s return was extraordinary, as he was able to give his nickname so readily. He also said to my husband, 'It is strange to meet you here and find you interested in this sort of thing.' He asked me how my boy was getting on, thus showing he was aware of his accident (this would be likely, as his son and

mine are great friends), and he addressed Colonel L. by name when he (Colonel L.) asked him if he recognised him. [Colonel L.'s name is very uncommon and foreign.] At one time there were two voices speaking simultaneously as well as Mrs. Wriedt. 'Cheiro' met some old friends who gave their names; he says he had hardly thought of them for many years, but had once known them well. Someone tried to etherealise, but it was faint.

Last night we dined with Mrs. B., and on our sitting at a table after dinner a spirit gave the name of W. T. Stead. We asked why the manifestations had not been stronger, and the answer came at once, 'Too little power.' 'Uncle' was very strong, gave two messages (this was at dinner with the lights on; a party of eight at the table), and showed great intelligence in rapping the alphabet in a new way which Colonel L. explained to him. He said he was with my husband when he was talking to you at the club yesterday.—Yours sincerely,

S. R.

(To be continued.)

THE DIVINE VEHICLE: MAN.

Much interest has been excited by, and, wisely, much consideration given to, the various methods by which 'inspirational' impulses and messages have reached mankind. We of these latter days are so accustomed to the reception of the movement of spirit intelligences in the human atmosphere, that many of the doubts and difficulties concerning them propounded by even our immediate ancestors trouble us scarcely at all. We have been assured, by certain phrases, certain intimate suggestions and advices, that disembodied persons loving and loved by us have utilised ways and means of proving their presence and unfailing support. Our acceptance of the fact may, indeed, lead us to regard the matter lightly, or, if not lightly, with insufficient attention. Some there are among us who, having given a little time to the study of messenger and message, have let it fall in favour of, say, another aspect of the occult. Others, satisfied that a dear one now incarnate has so far returned as to communicate with them, remain somewhat selfishly content and quiescent. More, perhaps, wander hither and thither wherever probable signs of manifestation are made, welcoming all, receiving little. Mentality on this plane, probably on every other, is multiform and multitudinous. One must not anticipate universal agreement concerning any method or, indeed, any message.

There is, however, an aspect of the question which should appeal to all thinkers and workers—an aspect which apparently answers the question and solves the examiner's problems. We must of necessity put questions; problems are placed in our way, seemingly of set purpose.

As we have noticed, it is impossible for us to deny personal interest, personal purpose, in messages that 'come through' to us. Baffled we may be by occasional obscurities, hindered by difficulties in transmission and lack of perception; but doubt is dispelled now and again when sentences reach us full of direct relationship and understanding. 'Death' has not dimmed affection. The body has paid its debt of disintegration, but its former inhabitant is living a larger, lovelier life, and yet is 'nearer to us than breathing,' its spiritual heart beating in perfect time with ours.

Being human, we claim the privilege of humanity, the joy of living in and for others; we claim, too, the joy and the knowledge of abiding individuality. The personal equation stands approved. Only through man can the voice of God reach man; only through man can the voice of man reach man. The Supreme Word is divine; all lesser words must be tested, all spirits tried; credence can be bestowed upon those that answer to the test, and those alone. Oneness with God in wisdom, goodness, love; that is the test, and none other.

A great apostle to the Gentiles wrote: 'In Him we live and move and have our being.' The Persian reformer of our own age, Baha'u'llah, exclaimed: 'Thou art my light.' Our appreciation of these sayings should be complete. To recognise the accents, the assurance of survival, the continuous love and sympathy of friends who have crossed the borderland, is a wondrous help. Through such recognition life is eased and strengthened and faith is fortified; but it is the underlying sense of unity with God that shapes our perfect satisfaction. Affection for one another; trust in one another; these are, at best and highest,

symbols of God's love, God's trustworthiness. Every 'message' that is 'good' is inspired by Him who is the life and the light of the world. In Him we live ; by His light we see light.

Separation, ignorance or sin, pain ; these are goads that urge Godward. The onward, upward movement must proceed. Bidden to 'work out our own salvation' we are assured, and re-assured, by the assertion that 'it is God who worketh in us.' That unity for which we strive is around us and within us, and our striving is because of a divine pressure which compels the strife. Consciously or unconsciously we aim at our completest expression, the fulfilment of ourselves in the beauty of efflorescence and fruition.

In no niggard sense can man claim to be the vehicle for the voice of God. His desire is discovered to him with the dawn of the knowledge of unity ; with the acquirement of the consciousness of working with God which comes by waiting on the Lord. Then he becomes cognisant of the love and graciousness of that wonderful One under whose wings all creation broods and develops.

We play and perform upon a vast variety of instruments, and utilise many notes and tones, but the *motif* is furnished by the Master-Musician whose harmonies embrace the spheres. We employ pencil and pigment, chisel and marble, but the thought that arranges our artistry is the thought of the Supreme Artist by whom all worlds were wrought. We adventure hither and thither, bent upon curious quest and delighting conquest, but we are all the while obeying the aim of an almighty Adventurer. Our scientific gospel unfolds itself side by side with our philosophies and our faiths, each of these being a manifestation of a phase, a setting forth, of the Universal.

This, the all-holding and all-covering, must be reckoned with in any inquiry into the why and wherefore of those 'messages' which, whether surprising or helpful, or both, awaken more than an intelligent interest. Whence do they come, with their startling strangeness, their sometimes seeming uselessness, their sometimes vivid vision of a hitherto undreamed-of glorious greatness? Are they things haphazard, accidental? Are they the subtle fructification of seed-lore sown in a soul that contains the complicated essence of those myriad preceding souls that brought it about? Are they the movement, through some long-shut door unexpectedly thrust open, of a mind that has stored itself, unknowingly, through life? Are they thrills from departed souls to souls still present on this plane, vibrating from a spiritual source that has sought and found opportunities of overcoming the barriers of the body? Are they, even more directly, definite flashes from the light that lighteth every man? All these, and more. The problem is admittedly absorbing, and questions multiply themselves. Yet may we not again venture to emphasise one exhaustive answer, the answer that evolves of itself, including infinity with unity? May we not find solace in the solution—'The powers that be are ordained of God'?

Methods differ to-day as they have differed through the ages ; manners attract or repel. Sooner or later repulsion will merge itself in attraction ; method will adapt itself and be more readily apprehended. The student will, with understanding insight, behold the Prime Mover in method and manner alike.

One summer morning I sat out of doors busily engaged upon, and rather worrying about, a piece of work for the Press ; worrying, because of an uninteresting theme which it was my duty, if anyhow possible, to fill with interest for its readers. Hand and brain both became weary.

My pen was allowed to slip back into its pocket. Rest seemed a necessity at almost any cost. My mind, throwing off its burden, toyed with the singing of birds, the shape, colour and odour of flowers. There was in no sense a study of either of these ; they merely exhibited themselves as everyday happenings.

Suddenly my attention was drawn towards a pencil which my fingers were holding, entirely without immediate direction from me. The pencil was writing rapidly and had been writing for several minutes before I recognised that my hand which had wearily rejected the pen had, apparently on its own account, employed an adjacent pencil. The fact did not startle or alarm me. I watched and waited while my hand worked. I noted

that fatigue had fled and that a freshness of mind and body was with me. When the pencil stopped, I read a page of matter purporting to come from the unseen, treating of a warmth and a luminosity belonging to the after life. I was bidden to believe that passengers on the next plane were nearer the light and with fewer veilings between them and it. Sentences full of hope, pregnant with help and love, completed the page. The concluding initials recalled no memory, but the presence of a well-wisher had made itself manifest.

Among other sayings worthy of remembrance was this, 'No man moves of himself. It is the will of all the worlds that inspires each soul. That Will is imperial, for it flows out from the mind of the maker and regulator of all existence. To rest in and on this Will is to reach the great goal. Love is the one force that makes towards the general good. Love is the life in all. Love guides and governs all the places, the phases, and the states that souls pass through. Many are these varying conditions, but love is in each and governing each.'

In that saying there is, for me, the answer to my questioning. Let the message come how and when it may, through this medium or through that ; let it breathe from lips to whom its language is an unknown quantity, or from other lips familiar with its every accent ; if the voice rings real in the inner ear, may not one accept, and, accepting, rejoice ?

All that is human, all that is possible to man, is in touch with the divine. One leaps at, and into, the other, when transmitter and receiver are attuned. The inspiration divine ; the mechanism human, fitted to human requirement, varying with human need and with human capacity and limitation. No means must be despised, but all means put to the question.

'There's a divinity that shapes our ends.' The human agency may seem poor, uncultured, ill-provided, but it is through the human agency, bodied or disembodied, that the divine impulse moves.

Out of mere mud the glorious, fragrant lilies rise ;
The ripples on the mud o'erflow with sweet surprise,
They hold and mirror forth the sun in splendid guise.

ERIC HAMMOND.

A MODERN PROPHET.

In reading some of the speeches of Abdul Baha during his sojourn among us ('Abdul Baha in London : Addresses and Notes of Conversations' ; Limp cloth, 1s., Unity Press, 47, Vicarage-road, East Sheen, Surrey), we are first struck by the Eastern picturesqueness of style and its unlikeness to any English or European model. We can hardly imagine a British statesman or lecturer commencing a discourse with 'O noble friends, seekers after God,' or 'O respected assembly ! O friends of truth !' but these would be pleasant variants on the recognised formula of 'Ladies and gentlemen.' We may not be sure as to which, if either, sex should take precedence (Abdul Baha believes that woman is destined to claim superiority to man), but we all like to be recognised as seekers after God and friends of truth. We note next the breadth of the teaching :—

God has created the world as one—the boundaries are marked out by man. God has not divided the lands, but each man has his house and meadow ; horses and dogs do not divide the field into parts. That is why Baha'u'llah says : 'Let not a man glory in that he loves his country, but that he loves his kind. All are of one family, one race ; all are human beings. Differences as to the partition of lands should not be the cause of separation among the people.'

One of the great reasons of separation is colour. Look how this prejudice has power in America, for instance. See how they hate one another ! Animals do not quarrel because of their colour. Surely man, who is so much higher in creation, should not be lower than the animals. Think over this. What ignorance exists ! White doves do not quarrel with blue doves because of their colour, but white men fight with dark-coloured men. This racial prejudice is the worst of all.

The Old Testament says that God created man like unto His own image ; in the Koran it says, 'There is no difference in the creation of God !' Think well. God has created all, cares for all, and all are under His protection. The policy of God is better than our policy. We are not as wise as God !

Abdul Baha declares that the teachings of all the prophets

have been the same in character, but that men have changed them. The real teaching of Buddha is the same as that of Jesus, but if we look at the present practice of the Buddhist religion we see that there is little of the reality left.

Buddha had disciples, and he wished to send them out into the world to teach, so he asked them questions to see if they were prepared as he would have them be. 'When you go to the East and to the West,' said the Buddha, 'and the people shut their doors to you and refuse to speak to you, what will you do?' The disciples answered and said: 'We shall be very thankful that they do us no harm.' 'Then if they do you harm and mock you, what will you do?' 'We shall be very thankful that they do not give us worse treatment.' 'If they throw you into prison?' 'We shall still be grateful that they do not kill us.' 'What if they were to kill you?' the Master asked for the last time. 'Still,' answered the disciples, 'we will be thankful, for they cause us to be martyrs. What more glorious fate is there than this, to die for the glory of God?' And the Buddha said 'Well done!'

The most caustic remark attributed to our guest was his reply to the question, 'What of the Peace Congress?' 'It resembles many drunkards gathered together to protest against the drinking of alcohol. They say drink is horrible and they straightway go out from the house to drink again.'

Mr. Eric Hammond contributes an explanatory introduction, Mr. Harrold Johnson's striking poem, 'The Travail of the World,' is reprinted from the 'Daily News,' and the book has for frontispiece an excellent portrait of the venerable apostle of peace and good-will.

NOTES FROM ABROAD.

'Le Monde Psychique' contains an interesting article on Mlle. Diamandi, who possesses the phenomenal gift of colour vision. Professor Manouvrier, who minutely studied Mlle. Diamandi's extraordinary power, states that when she thinks of a number or a letter of the alphabet, or of the name of a day, or a person, the picture she then has in her mind presents itself to her in colours. The medium informed the Professor that she learns poetry more easily than prose because the capital letter at the beginning of each line has a more pronounced tint than the following small letters. In explaining the statement of Mlle. Diamandi, Professor Manouvrier says: 'The colour of an initial capital letter seems to spread itself over the whole word, although each separate letter preserves its own colour. Proper names possess, therefore, besides the different colours of each letter, a general colour which diffuses itself over the entire name. The colours of the Greek letters are more vivid than those of the Latin alphabet. Notes of music do not appear coloured to Mlle. Diamandi's vision. She prefers figures which have a bright colour, or which stand between dark colours; for instance: 104—black, white, and brown—which she remembers easily because the 0, which appears white, is placed between the two dark colours.'

Whilst experimenting, the Professor used a special code of colour. Various figures were written on a piece of paper and shown to Mlle. Diamandi, who, by means of the colours under which the different figures presented themselves to her vision, could fix the corresponding letter of the alphabet and thus read, or rather see, entire poems. In a case like Mlle. Diamandi's, where the colour vision is so pronounced, there exists a veritable language of colours, and it is proposed to call this phenomena 'Verbal Chromatopsy.'

'La Revue Spirite' has a long article on Mr. W. T. Stead and the great interest he took for many years in all psychic matters. Special mention is also made of the admiration he entertained for Jeanne d'Arc, whom he described long ago in 'Borderland' as one of the most eminent spirits that inhabit the world beyond.

The same paper publishes a lecture given by M. Dubuisson on 'Magic and Witchcraft,' which he traces back to the time of the Chaldean and Assyrian empires. We also note a spirited appeal to all Spiritualists in which the words of Lamennais are quoted: 'Believe, love, be united, and, forgetting your own self, have but one thought—the spiritual work you are destined to perform.'

We have received the first number of a new series of 'Hermès.' As the title indicates, this review will comprise in its programme various articles on metaphysics, occultism, and psychology. We feel sure that students of the occult will find it excellent reading.

'Le Fraterniste' says: 'A story worthy of Edgar Allan Poe circulates, at present, in Rome, and notwithstanding the war in Tripoli and its many harassing incidents, the story forms the chief topic of conversation in Roman society. It seems that a retired captain went last summer to a professor famous for psychical research, and informed him that an engineer had spoken to him about a considerable treasure, thirty-seven millions, supposed to be buried at a great depth in a deserted villa of the capital. The professor put his brother into a hypnotic sleep. In this state the "subject" described minutely the villa in question, and suddenly exclaimed: "At a depth of about six yards I see five galleries, five human skeletons, a key, and two gold coins." Countess X., owner of the villa, to whom this extraordinary statement was communicated, immediately gave orders to begin the work of excavation. At a depth of six yards, as indicated by the medium, the workmen laid bare five galleries, and the treasure-seekers unearthed five human skeletons, a key, and two gold pieces. Since this sensational discovery, the search for the supposed hidden millions is continued with feverish haste, the captain seldom leaving the scene of operation.'

'Le Messenger' shows the interest it takes in Mrs. Wriedt's mediumship by publishing a translation of several articles which lately appeared in 'LIGHT,' viz., that contributed by M. Ch. Miyatovich, and those in which Vice-Admiral W. Usborne Moore gives such a highly interesting and lucid account of the séances with this remarkable medium. The same journal marks the occurrence of the second centenary of the birth of Jean Jacques Rousseau by devoting an article to his career. We quote the writer's concluding words: 'All his life Jean Jacques Rousseau denounced Atheism, which, in his opinion, would lead humanity into the arms of anarchism; but his soul was equally filled with a profound contempt of fanaticism. He refused to accept the God of the theologians—the fierce, inexorable God who punishes the error of one day by infinite agony. Yet this celebrated philosopher entertained lofty aspirations conformable to the spirit of eternal religion, of which Christianity is a glorious phase, and of which Spiritualism tends to become the most perfect and ideal interpretation.'

F. D.

THE NEW TESTAMENT IN THE LIGHT OF SPIRITUALISM.

In 'LIGHT' of August 10th a short notice was given of a work entitled 'Rays of the Dawn; or, Fresh Teachings on Some New Testament Problems,' by A. Watcher (Kegan Paul, Trench, Trübner & Co., 3s. 6d. net), but I would like to add a few words to point out the special value this interesting volume has for those who are re-reading the New Testament in the light of Spiritualistic experiences. A friend lately assured me that psychical research had given her back her New Testament. She had lost belief in it, and had come to regard it as hardly more authentic than a book of fairy tales, whereas now it is alive for her, and filled with new significance. It is, perhaps, those who value the faith of Christendom and desire to find how it coincides with the facts of Spiritualism who are likely to derive the greatest benefit from the perusal of these pages. More particularly I would call attention to the chapters on 'The Resurrection' and 'Changes in the Body of Jesus.' They are remarkably enlightening and helpful, and deal with great discretion with a difficult theme.

Replying to my inquiry recently as to what she thought of the book as a whole, a friend wrote:—

A helpful book, stimulating to thought and spirituality. It is written with a sobriety and freedom from egoism by no means common in psychic writings.

One feels the writer to be conscious of being merely a link in a chain of influence and teaching, and that all that is required of him is to be found faithful in transmitting both, and this attitude, of itself, inspires confidence in his message. This book shows much acquaintance with New Testament criticism, but it is never thrust forward with any show of learning. The spirit of truth is far more to the writer than any 'Zeit Geist,' which keeps the 'values' of the work true. I should expect it to be very helpful to many who, while recognising in Christ the Logos, feel the inadequacy of creeds to express the truth, and who, while clinging to the fellowship to which all churches are a witness, can no longer be contented to see Him through stained-glass windows.

The above gives what I think is so true an impression of 'Rays of the Dawn' that I venture to quote it for the benefit of the readers of 'LIGHT.'

H. A. DALLAS.

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'TWADDLE,' ITS MEANING AND PURPOSE.

There is probably no region of thought and experiment in which the need for threshing and winnowing is so great as in what one of our old pioneers used to call 'this Spiritualism.' The subject is so vast and bears, directly or indirectly, on so many other departments of life, religious, scientific or social, that the task of keeping its issues clear is one that calls for constant labour and vigilance. If it were a purely intellectual system the work would be easier, and the world could be presented with something logically satisfying. There is a story concerning a mathematical student who in a spirit of painstaking inquiry read Milton's 'Paradise Lost.' 'It is a fine piece of work,' was his verdict, 'but what does it prove?' Let us suppose that he had entered upon his inquiry into the region of poetry by a perusal of a volume of the doggerel verse that is so often inflicted on the long-suffering literary reviewer. Then his comment—if he were very unenlightened on subjects outside of his own studies—might be that it proved poetry to be a very dull and stupid affair.

It is not too much to say that this example is fairly illustrative of the attitude taken up by some of our critical friends. Here, for instance, is a letter from Australia, in which the writer remarks:—

I do not wish to enter into discussion on the subject of Spiritualism. I know little of it, nor do I want to know. But I do want to remark that every time a late denizen of earth 'communicates' with his erstwhile acquaintances here, it is the same 'twaddle, twaddle.'

We admire the candour with which our correspondent (a lady) admits her ignorance of the subject concerning which she delivers her opinion. We wish her example were more widely followed. As to the question of 'twaddle, twaddle,' we have as little tolerance for it as anybody, especially as in our time we have to wade wearily through many reams of it. But we are to remember that we cannot live wholly to ourselves in the matter. Every day the Press of the world pours out torrents of what the more highly educated portion of the public regards as insufferable balderdash. Even some of the writers and editors of this kind of 'literature' are painfully aware of its trashiness, but then they have to cater for millions of readers who receive it gladly and would find no interest or comfort in anything of a higher standard. They would be astonished to learn that what they found so fascinating was in reality worthless nonsense. Again there are so many different points of view as to precisely what

constitutes twaddle. In Literature the standard is well defined. An experienced editor or reader can distinguish between good and bad literature as easily as he can tell chalk from cheese. But in Spiritualism we are not dealing solely or even primarily with Literature. We are dealing with something vastly more important—Life. And Life is a very great matter, involving questions not always to be handled by reference to ordinary standards of comparison. We have read many letters by famous authors which, had they been published as specimens of the writers' literary powers, would have been received with derision. And had they come as post-mortem communications the derision would have been multiplied tenfold in force and volume. 'What! Tennyson wrote this? and Browning that?' would be the cry. And the productions would be branded as utterly unworthy of the author of 'Idylls of the King' or of 'Sordello' (as the case might be). Now there is a little matter here which throws an amusing sidelight on the methods of those who 'knowing little of Spiritualism' (although not always honest enough to confess the fact) set up as judges of the authenticity of reputed spirit communications. It is this: they demand that he who was a great writer on earth should always deliver himself in great prose or poetry. If he was a wit, then as a spirit he must never condescend to anything less than an epigram. Sir Toby Belch (in 'Twelfth Night') thought that the man who could dance well should go through life dancing: he should 'go to church in a galliard and come home in a coranto,' his 'very walk should be a jig.' Sir Toby's reasoning resembles that of some of our cavillers. Supposing the great dancer, having 'passed on,' should revisit 'these glimpses of the moon' and reveal himself at a 'spirit circle' in a festive fandango! What would the critic say then? Horribly undignified! Of course, but so very human.

Let us not be misunderstood. A vast amount of positive twaddle is, to our regret, put forward as communications from great names in the next world. Much of it has no remoter source than the subconscious mind of some unfledged medium. For there is a subconscious mind. It is that part of our consciousness which performs automatically some of the work of our everyday life, work which we are unable or unwilling to carry on by means of deliberate thinking and purpose. Many a skilled worker can safely entrust to it some of the more mechanical portions of his task while he devotes his conscious mind to other matters. Clarence Mangan, the Irish poet, composed his poems while engaged in the dreary work of law copying. But this subconsciousness in abnormal states may do some very remarkable things. Sometimes it obtrudes itself when its possessor is under the 'veritable influence of a dweller in the unseen world. And the result is a curious mixture. The ignorant observer would call it 'twaddle,' but the experienced psychologist sees in it much of scientific interest in connection with his study of the mind and its powers. So that even balderdash may have its uses. Many great pieces of literature have been produced in circumstances pointing to a psychic origin. But then they were produced as literature, and, fulfilling all the canons of the art, the circumstances of their origin had no prejudicial effect on their reception. It is not so easy to adjudicate on the claims of alleged spirit communications which reach us in the form of personal messages. We have perused many utterly commonplace scripts which conveyed no evidence of genuineness to us, but which, by reason of little turns of phrase and peculiarities of diction, were eloquent of the identity of the communicator to those who knew him in the flesh.

And now a few emphatic words in conclusion. Those

of us who have given earnest study to the subject of psychic research know that it embodies a truth. We know that amid a bewildering mass of theory, of conjecture, of figment and fancy, there are *real* communications and *real* communicators. We know that amongst much that is passed over by the impatient as unworthy of attention there are wondrous clues and evidences to be detected and developed into clear and satisfactory demonstrations by painstaking inquiry.

We know, too, that at times by the operation of laws of which we know little at present, communication between the two worlds becomes a plain and simple matter. The nonsense ceases and intelligible and characteristic communications are poured forth. Possibly the 'twaddle' in some cases is analogous to the 'tuning up' of an orchestra or the weird array of letters which the student of the typewriting machine learns for practice before commencing to type intelligible communications. We know little of the laws that govern psychic phenomena, and it is possible that the men and women 'at the other end of the line' know very little more. One thing is certain. There *are* spirit communicators and they give us, when and as they can, evidences of their existence and identity. And against that fact our critics—learned or unlearned—will rage in vain.

THE APPLICATION OF SPIRITUALISM.

A Paper read by Mr. E. W. WALLIS at the International Congress held at Liverpool on Sunday and Monday, July 7th and 8th, 1912.

At the Conference held in London in 1895 I was privileged to deal with the subject of 'An Ideal Religious Service for Spiritualists.' To-day I am to invite your attention to what I deem to be an equally important subject, viz., 'The Application of Spiritualism.'

The motto adopted by the late Mr. James Burns was 'The discovery of truth, its dissemination and its application.' For upwards of sixty years Spiritualists have devoted time, thought, ingenuity and money to persevering investigation for the discovery of the truths of spirit existence, spirit communion and spirit identity; to the study and development of mediumship and psychic susceptibility for the purpose of intercourse with the unseen, and to the piling up of such evidence of spirit presence and personality as would disprove materialism and give a basis of demonstrated fact for our belief in continued conscious existence after death. To-day, for all practical purposes, the victory is won—materialism, as a philosophy, is discredited and the spiritual nature of man established.

During the past sixty-four years Spiritualists have laboured incessantly to arouse public attention: they have challenged sceptics and combated bigotry; they have fought against autocratic power—both scientific and sectarian: they have gone out into the highways and byways of the world and proclaimed with no uncertain sound the fact that spirit people have been heard from. And in this work of dissemination, Press and platform have united so that a mere handful of earnest Spiritualists have won to the knowledge of spirit communion millions of men and women of all ranks, until, at last, our principal affirmations are definitely accepted, or are being approved and endorsed by leading scientists and thinkers in all lands.

The preachers who stand foremost in the churches and retain their hold over their congregations (a difficult thing to do in these days when the mere habit of church-going is dying out) are invariably those who have departed farthest from the old orthodoxy, have most nearly approached our position, and have most clearly declared their belief in the possibility of intercourse between the 'departed' and the dwellers on earth.

It is true that there is still immense need for our work because of the practical materialism of the great mass of the people (much of which is quite unconscious, for hosts of people 'believe that they believe' who, in reality, are *unbelievers* at heart and in practice)—but so rapidly and thoroughly are our

truths being accepted by the world's advanced thinkers that the time has come for us to consider how best we can make them effective for good, by applying them in daily life in all the affairs and relations of men. There is a homely adage to the effect that 'the proof of the pudding is in the eating'—and we may say that the proof of the value of Spiritualism is in its applicability to human needs—its power to give us strength and comfort and inspiration—to call out the best that is in us and help us when we are weary, oppressed, bereaved, perplexed and in trouble. It is because I know that it can and does do all this that I am an advocate for Spiritualism and desire to see it more thoroughly applied, not only individually but nationally—aye, universally. With Dr. George Fuller, I hold that 'When we place upon all the teachings of Spiritualism their rightful spiritual values, make them to show forth in our everyday lives, we shall prove to the world that we have at last found the pearl of great price, for which through countless centuries humanity has been searching.'

I think we shall all agree that Spiritualism stands for the fact that man is a spirit—that all spiritual, or religious, problems, difficulties and experiences have their root in the fact that man cannot rest content with the satisfaction of his merely bodily desires and ambitions. Mentally he is an adventurer: he seeks knowledge, he desires freedom, he longs for truth, he wishes to understand—to realise his true nature and to know his position in the scheme of things, so that he may 'win his place in the sun.' All this is natural—and right because it is natural. It is the same with regard to moral and religious matters. The point of view has changed. Fifty years ago, more or less, the seat of authority was thought to be external. Men appealed to the authority of the Church, to the authority of the Bible, to the authority of Revealed Religion, and thought that the whole matter was settled when they had the Church's decree, or the Bible's texts, or the interpreter's exposition of the so-called 'Revealed' will of God. But to-day the world is rapidly coming round to the view, which the spirit world has consistently proclaimed through its mediums, that 'the foundations of religion are in the reason and conscience and heart of man'—that everything, both in the Bible and out of it, must be tested by human experience, and thought, and intuition; that the seat of authority is within. Thus the human spirit is now, as in point of fact it always has been (although men did not think so), the court of appeal where the final decision is given; and the Divine nature of Humanity, God made manifest in mankind, is revealed in the hunger and thirst after Righteousness which have urged men, in 'all ages, to seek the highest and the best—to refuse to be content with anything short of the ideal of perfect man and womanhood. All religious systems and institutions are therefore the outward manifestations of the intuitions and aspirations of the spirit, the outbreathings of the God-consciousness within us. When the spirit obeys its own unwritten laws and expresses itself, it unfolds its possibilities of growth and, in obedience to the laws of its being realises the first principle of right living. Then the way of attainment is clear; it enters into Life and Liberty by the path of Love and Wisdom.

As a result of modern research the fact of human survival after bodily death is now established on a scientific basis, and some there are who would limit Spiritualism, and regard it solely as a branch of science. Indeed if we define it as 'the science of the spirit in all its modes of manifestation, both here and hereafter,' we may accept that view, because it necessarily includes all possible relations, manifestations, and experiences; but we need to realise its full value. A French speaker recently said:—

The cosmic value of this study is larger every way than are the motives which generally at first prompt men to study it. Those motives are legitimate, but they must grow and be enlarged until the student at last is satisfied with nothing short of the highest, namely, the search for truths in every department of existence and the realisation of the unity which embraces all the universe and all the truths which it contains, a unity which does not consist in a sameness of material atoms but in the directive wisdom of a living Spirit, who is in all and through all, and by whom and in whom all subsist. When we see the evidence for supernatural phenomena as a link towards the discovery of ultimate truth concerning God and man and the universe, nothing, however trivial, appears unimportant, and we grudge no expenditure

of time which leads to the establishment of the supremacy of Life and Mind over material things.

The late Thomas Shorter well said that 'Spiritualism, in its broad sense, as a philosophical system, embraces whatever relates to spirit, spiritual existences and spiritual forces, especially all truths relating to the human spirit, its nature, capacities, laws of manifestation, its discarnate existence, and the modes of communication between that realm and earth-life,' and even a non-Spiritualist has said: 'By every reasonable consideration the belief which we call Spiritualism must be included among religions. It has become the rule of life to many thousands of intelligent persons, earnest men and women, good citizens.' Religion has been defined 'as the verification of the spiritual in human life,' and I claim that, as Spiritualism *has* verified the spiritual in human life, therefore it is not only a science but a philosophy and a religion, and that Spiritualists have a duty to perform, a path to open up, a truth to proclaim, a life to live, a service of love to render.

Spiritualism stands for the Divine Ideal, for the man-spiritual, for progress here and hereafter; for the harmonious development of man on all planes of expression. It helps us to recognise that it is as religious to be healthy, happy and helpful as it is to sing and pray and preach. In the past men worshipped and tried to serve the gods, but the gospel of Spiritualism is 'Render service to *man* and *thus* do the will of God.' When rightly applied in daily life, it will supply healing for the body, stimulus to the mind, power to the will, and inspiration to the heart—it will find expression in helpful and loving service, and man's humanity to his fellow man will then make countless thousands rejoice.

Spiritual science, philosophy and religion are all one in their aim, which is to enlarge the scope of human usefulness and lift us all up to the higher level; and when we know that death is but an incident in our eternal career, that this earth life is preparatory to the larger, richer, fuller life that will follow, we can realise that Spiritualism is a comforter. Knowing as we do that those who have gone from our side on this plane may be nearer to us and more helpful than before, we can think of the other world as home, and surely we should be strong enough to stand true and apply our Spiritualism when our friends pass to the unseen, showing to the world that we mean what we say when we declare that there is no death! Why should we follow the gloomy custom of the unbelieving and robe ourselves in funereal black, when we know that if we live wisely and lovingly, life is beautiful, death does us a service, and the hereafter will fulfil all our hopes?

Since we have studied the psychic nature and faculties of man and have come to realise the power of thought, of suggestion, and the helpful character of a cheerful, hopeful disposition, the necessity for the application of our Spiritualism has become more than ever apparent. We can assist others by thinking well of them, by speaking encouragingly to them, by suggesting good and hopeful thoughts; and by our own attitude of cheerfulness and kindly appreciation we can stimulate them to make the best of themselves and their circumstances. Further, by doing this for others we ourselves shall be strengthened. We are at our best when we express love and kindness, and reactively such thoughts will bless us as well as those to whom we send them. We are so bound together that nobility in one tends to kindle nobility in all, and if we resolutely try to change evil into good and realise that life will be to us largely what we make it by our attitude towards it, we shall then get the best out of ourselves and others, grow strong, and find that love and trust make life well worth living.

Someone has defined progress as *purposed* change—that is, change brought about as the result of the intelligent and intentional efforts of thinking men and women. That is just what we claim for Spiritualism; it is the purposed effort on the part of the spirit world and of intelligent Spiritualists to bring about such changes as will be spiritually good for all. Our aim is to *be* good and to *do* good both by example and by our influence—not from any hope of reward, nor from fear of punishment, but because goodness, purity, honour, righteousness, integrity, truthfulness, helpfulness and loving-kindness are, or should be, the natural and healthy manifestations of the true self—the spirit-man. This being so, earnest Spiritualists seek to educe (to bring

out and express) these innate spiritual powers; they aim at 'the highest and the best' and endeavour to show to the world the 'more excellent way' of spiritual progress—and to show it in their methods, their observances, their habits, their loves, their daily lives. I know that a great many Spiritualists are the very salt of the earth. I know that a great many are in the front rank of the world's humanitarian, reformatory and educational movements; many of them as social reformers are zealously supporting the world-movements for human emancipation and practical social salvation—but, and this is the point I wish to emphasise, they go *outside our movement* to do all these things.

(To be continued.)

GENERAL BOOTH: AN APPRECIATION.

General Booth, a forth-speaker for God and a worker for humanity and the truth, has at length passed to the spirit world, there to meet again his beloved wife and to continue his earnest labours in the cause of human emancipation. Full of days and honour, he will ever be remembered for the good he has done.

It is not too much to claim that he was an inspired man. He felt the compelling power of the Spirit, heard and responded to the call, and was spirit-guided in the great work to which, with single-hearted devotion, he consecrated his life. Assisted by his brave wife, of whose loving inspirations after her death he admitted he was frequently conscious, and most ably seconded by his son, who will now continue his work, he achieved success in a remarkable degree, during a period of change which has been a practical revolution. The influence for good of his labour and example cannot be computed. By helping the poor, the broken and the helpless, and giving them hope, guidance and inspiration; by calling out the latent spiritual powers within them, and teaching them the reality of the love of God; by exemplifying that love in the many ways in which the Army has rendered sympathetic service to the fallen and the hopeless, he and his co-workers made religion practical, and exerted a spiritual redemptive influence which has contributed very largely to that stream of tendency which is operating everywhere to lift humanity to a higher level and give men a sense of the dignity and the sacredness of life and of the value of human sympathy and affection.

The old order has changed. Things are not now what they were when General Booth commenced his appeal to the hearts and consciences of undeveloped, ignorant and vicious men and women. That this change has taken place is the best testimonial to the success of his work. Children always need outside restraint, prompting and guidance, but as they develop, other and higher influences are needed. The appeal to fear succeeds as a deterrent, but it is not the highest method, nor does it secure unselfishness. It is love alone which wins whole-hearted devotion. Then the light within shines forth, and the well of water flows forth unto everlasting life.

'The General' himself changed; his experiences deepened his convictions, strengthened his purpose, widened his views, and made him broader and more patient. His early gospel of 'blood and fire' was modified. The emphasis of late years was laid more and more on the goodness and love of God; the innate divinity of every human being was recognised. The possibility of calling forth into active expression the God-like qualities of even the most depraved (when appealed to in the right spirit and the right way), through the saving power of love—the Christ spirit which unites all humanity—was the keynote of his many enterprises for the social regeneration and spiritual uplift of the sinful and unfortunate, who were his especial concern.

By his 'passing' the world is poorer in its workers for God and humanity; but the loss is more in *seeming* than in fact, as another ardent soul has been added to the ranks of the ministering spirits, of those whose love prompts them to inspire and strengthen reformers and spiritual teachers here, and thus he will continue his service in the cause of man's emancipation and betterment.

SUTTON.—'J. R.,' who had some experience in Wales a few years ago, would be pleased to know of any circle at or near Sutton, Surrey, which he might join so as to continue his study of Spiritualism. Letters sent to care of 'LIGHT' will be forwarded to our correspondent.

IN TWO WORLDS.

By S. I. LAKEMAN.

The time is quickly passing in which the powers of man have been limited to the physical plane, and the dark clouds of materialism are rolling and melting away before the rising light of wider knowledge and deeper revelation. Yet there is still very much to be done in the instruction of ignorance and the disarming of prejudice, for there are those amongst us who regard all occult study and research as altogether harmful in practice and baneful in influence. Nay, some go even further, and assert that all such experiences and manifestations are but impositions upon the credulous and the ignorant. But, thanks to the labours of Spiritualism and other schools of thought, we now know, without the shadow of a doubt, that astral consciousness and astral communications are neither the unreliable impressions of an excited brain nor the delirious freaks of an abnormally vivid imagination. Occultists are, therefore, not visionaries who are carried away by a fascinating delusion, nor are they impostors who profess to possess powers and to produce results whose only proof of reality lies in the mere assertion of their existence. It is an important fact, however, which must never be lost sight of, that all occult powers can be used for either good or evil; they can be mediums of light or darkness, channels of joy or of sadness. Those who speak to us with the authority of knowledge or conviction declare that psychic work can be fraught with the gravest dangers, can be capable of doing untold mischief and irreparable harm. The firmest and strictest safeguards should therefore be employed, and all novices should by every possible means be kept from opening avenues the gateways of which they have not yet learned to close. As a present-day writer observes, as well let a child go into a gunpowder magazine with a lighted match as to allow the unprotected and untrained to tamper with psychic conditions. This being so, it must ever be of the highest importance that the purest and best, the unselfish and spiritually minded, should alone definitely undertake psychic work, for as surely as the 'tree is known by its fruit,' so surely will the character and motives of the occult worker be revealed in the aim and quality of his work.

Accepting the testimony of men and women whose individualities we love and reverence and whose words we trust, we *believe*, perchance before we *know* from our own experience, that the astral plane exists, as really as the physical, and that its inhabitants are ever near us.

In speaking of work on the astral plane, it is well to remember that by far the larger proportion of mankind at the present day finds that the physical world holds enough for them. Their whole time, interests and hopes are centred here. Here they work from morn till eve for the 'bread that perisheth'; here are their joys and pleasures, their sorrows and trials. Here they strive and struggle, succeed and fail, and there is little, if any, thought of another world than this; much less of work possible elsewhere. But there are others, and this class is daily increasing, who, 'mid the stress and turmoil of the physical world, are ever conscious of another and a higher world, in which there is definite work to be accomplished.

Those who realise this fact, with a determination to gain some knowledge of this work, will attain a wider outlook, a deeper insight, a more abiding peace than formerly, and thus, as development shall permit, will the possibilities of the super-physical life be made known, its work revealed.

When, however, the consciousness begins to rise above the purely physical plane, when another world has been discovered and its work definitely recognised, it will not in the least follow that the work of the physical will be neglected or regarded as of little account. It should be quite the reverse; nothing is insignificant, nothing without value, for in the economy of life every duty, however small, every discipline, however uninspiring, has its own place to fill, its appointed work to accomplish in the moulding and building of character. Nay, the higher the consciousness rises, the more perfectly will the physical life be lived, for in this case the greater includes the lesser. Every fresh expansion of consciousness is but the lifting a little higher of the whole life. As the mountain spring, flowing

down from its lofty source, enriches the valley below, beautifying the arid plain and clothing the rocks with verdure, so a higher consciousness flows down into the physical as a veritable river of life, causing many a desert to 'blossom as the rose,' and turning many a wilderness into a garden of the Lord.

By some, astral work is regarded as only possible among those already passed to the other side, by others as easier among those who are freed from the 'mortal coil.' This entirely depends upon the state of development arrived at by the worker, for the fact of death having or not having taken place does not necessarily make any difference. Perhaps the ideas may be the outcome of the desire, so often expressed, to hold communication with the beloved who have passed on before us. The only difficulty in the way of astral work lies in the limitations of our own consciousness. It is these limitations which shut us in, as within prison bars, and cut off, while they last, all possibilities of communication with the higher planes. As soon, however, as these barriers are gradually removed, these fetters broken, the consciousness begins to rise, even as a bird set free soars higher and higher into the summer light.

But occult powers must not be regarded as the special possession of a favoured few; they are the heritage of all, and will, in the course of evolution, be developed in all. While the seed lies dormant in the ground it yet contains all the possibilities of becoming a ripe and fruitful ear of corn; so each human soul, however dark and thickly veiled, is gradually climbing the long and steep ladder of life, and every step brings fuller development, fresh light and greater freedom. Who, then, with safety to themselves and helpfulness to others, may work on the higher planes? Those only who are actuated by the purest motives and safeguarded by knowledge, reverence, and self-control. Certainly not those who, for gain, experiment, or amusement, cast these safeguards aside and even molest the departed of the class known as 'earth bound' with a frivolity and want of feeling which is altogether revolting.

Astral consciousness generally makes itself known by the development of clairaudience, clairvoyance and clairsentience (if there be such a word). Many can hear before they can see or feel, while others may feel before they can hear or see. I remember some years ago visiting a house which had the reputation of being haunted. I had quite forgotten this until one evening, when the house was perfectly quiet, I distinctly heard heavy footsteps tramping up and down the staircase. I went out and stood at the bottom of the stairs while those mysterious feet still continued to go up and down, but not one shadowy glimpse of the strange intruder could I see; I was clairaudient, but not clairvoyant.

Clairvoyance, or 'clear seeing,' covers a very wide field in psychological research and investigation—that sight to which scenes and forms and even thoughts are visible. These appearances are no conjured-up pictures of the imagination, nor are they due to over-excitement, for they most often become visible in the quiet moments of life. All through the ages it has ever been in the calm of silence, in the stillness of solitude, that hermits, saints, and seers have looked into other worlds than this. And this faculty which they possessed was only theirs by reason of development. The same gift, as I have said, is latent in all, 'to be in the course of ages the common heritage of every child of man.' These words are as true as they are hopeful. Men and women to-day who are walking in the footsteps of clairvoyants of the past are verifying their truth for themselves; gradually they become conscious of other surroundings, strange and shadowy, it may be, at first, seeming to *come through* the physical even as in 'dissolving views' one scene fades away into another, but gradually growing more and more distinct till astral scenery and astral forms are seen in all their wonderful clearness of outline and vividness and beauty of colouring. Shallow, indeed, in teaching and poor in experience must those be who have failed to recognise in silence and in solitude two of the most indispensable conditions for astral manifestation. By clairvoyance, as we all know, future events are seen, as well as those which are actually taking place at the time of the vision. No physical limitations do these higher powers know; they span all space and outrun the wheels of time, bridging over even the River of Death itself. It would be superfluous to give

instances of clairvoyance, for doubtless every reader knows of many.

Clairsentience is the power by which an astral presence is realised, not by hearing or by seeing but by conscious contact with the physical body. We all know the feeling of 'not being alone,' when, apparently for no reason, we suddenly look round the room, half expecting, half dreading what we may see. Then perchance it is that we feel our clothing held by invisible hands, —a soft breath upon our cheeks—the clasp of unseen fingers upon our arm. By this power alone it is possible to go through scenes which may be experiences of the greatest suffering or the most exquisite joy, for, like all psychic gifts, this sense of astral feeling cuts both ways. It does more—it leaves an indelible impression upon the mind which no amount of adverse argument can ever efface. This is no 'twitching of a nerve' or relaxing of a muscle; it is far more than anything physical—each touch may be a call for help from some whom we can uplift and bless.

(To be continued.)

NAPOLEON'S APPEARANCE TO HIS MOTHER ON HIS DEATH.

In a biographical work recently published, 'A Diplomatist's Wife in Many Lands,' by Mrs. Hugh Fraser (p. 105), the following is recounted as to Napoleon:—

It was nearly six years after that last parting of theirs that Madame Mère was sitting in the drawing-room of the Palazzo Bonaparte, on the morning of May 5th, 1821; downstairs, at the same time, the hall porter found himself confronted by a stranger, a man in a voluminous cloak and hat drawn low down on his features, who was inquiring for 'La Signora Madre,' saying that he must see her at once, as he brought her news of her son, the exiled Emperor, from St. Helena. The porter on learning this, led him to the door of the 'Piano Nobile' (the first floor, occupied by Madame Mère), and there handed him over, with a word as to his mission, to a servant, who at once departed to inform the old lady that a man called to bring her news of the Emperor.

Instantly she gave orders for the stranger's admission to her presence. On making his appearance, he kept his cloak still somewhat over his face—rather to her surprise—and remained silent till they were alone, when, lowering the cloak, he revealed himself. It was none other than Napoleon himself. Madame Mère, carried out of herself at the unexpected sight, uttered a cry of wonderment, half of incredulous joy, half of apprehension for his safety. In a flash of memory, the occasion of his last escape came back to her—the day of his flight from Elba in 1815—and she took it for granted that he had contrived a similar escape from St. Helena, and had presented himself thus to her to ask for a temporary shelter on his way to some rendezvous in France.

But the awful chill of a contact with other than human forces fell upon her, when, for all answer to her cry of greeting, the man before her, regarding her with an air of poignant solemnity, spoke these words: 'May the fifth, eighteen hundred and twenty-one—to-day!' His tone was of such tremendous significance that it paralysed her intelligence beneath a load of irrevocable finality. As she gazed at him, he stepped slowly backwards and retreated through the open door behind him, letting fall the heavy *portière* as he did so.

Recovering her self-control, Madame Mère rushed from the drawing-room into the apartment beyond. It was empty, and she hastened out into the *sala* or ante-room, where a servant was sitting at the door according to custom.

'Where is the gentleman?' she cried.

'Eccellentissima Signora Madre,' replied the man, 'no one passed through since I conducted him to your Excellency. And I have not left this place for a moment.'

Sick at heart, Madame Mère withdrew. For two months (oh, the heartbreaking delays of those deliberate times!) the affair remained a mystery. Then, some time in July, Madame Mère learnt the truth that she had suspected from the first. On the 5th of May Napoleon's liberation had come. He had escaped from his prison by the death to which he had so long looked forward.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.—Ulisse Ghirelli, Rome. The review that was quoted from was the January number of 'Luce e Ombra,' 4, Via Varese, Rome.

MR. E. WAKE COOK has a useful letter in the 'Referee' on genius and insanity. He points out that a potent cause of insanity lies in those "uprushes from the subliminal," as Myers called them, which are the inspirations of what we call genius.

ITEMS OF INTEREST.

Just as we go to press we learn that an effort is being made by Miss Estelle W. Stead to carry on 'Julia's Bureau.' In a circular which she has issued, she says, 'I do not think there is any tribute to my father which will give him greater happiness and satisfaction than this.' Particulars can be obtained on application to Miss Stead, Cambridge House, the Park, Wimbledon, S.W.

According to the New York correspondent of 'The Daily Mail,' 'the phantom of a murdered woman has injured the value of the premises owned by Mr. J. Deuterlander, of 3375, South Oakley-avenue, Chicago. Mr. Deuterlander protested against the assessment of the house at £2,400, explaining that he could not induce any tenants to occupy it more than a few nights, as their slumbers were disturbed by groans and shrieks of a female ghost who called on them to bring her slayer to justice. Mr. Deuterlander stated that this state of affairs had existed for four years, ever since the mysterious death of a young woman tenant. The Board of Assessors reduced the assessment to £1,600.'

Under the heading, 'Spook Admiral,' 'The Star,' on Friday, the 23rd, partially reproduced from our columns Mr. J. Maybank's report of his séances with Mrs. Wriedt. 'The Star' admits that Vice-Admiral Osborne Moore is an ardent Spiritualist, and that 'Mr. Maybank is quite convinced of the reality of his Spiritist experiences,' and, on the whole, its treatment of the subject is fair, but surely the vulgar and disrespectful headline is as discreditable to 'The Star' as it is injurious to the cause it represents.

'E. W.,' who resides at Finsbury Park, writes: 'In response to your correspondent who suggests methods of helping to spread Spiritualism, I may say that I have a series of letters, received through a psychically gifted personal friend, which are from my husband, and give a remarkable description of his life and progress beyond the grave. They are sequential and cover a period of about nineteen months. The medium is non-professional and absolutely reliable, and the letters prove themselves with regard to communion of thought. I should be pleased to show them to any earnest seeker after knowledge who applies to you, though at present I should not care to make them public indiscriminately.'

A gentleman who is a justice of the peace at Humansdorp, Cape Colony, has submitted to us a long and interesting message received by automatic writing through the mediumship of a lady in Cape Town, and purporting to be from his guardian angel. Giving the name of Mary Petronis, the spirit states that she was a great-granddaughter of Mary Magdalene, and describes herself as having been one of a band of a dozen Christians sent out from Judea in the reign of the Emperor Marcus Aurelius as missionaries to Rome, where, after boldly testifying against the vice, luxury and idolatry of the people, they suffered martyrdom in the arena, being thrown to the lions. The story is told in a straightforward and natural manner, and with some air of verisimilitude, and the closing scenes are very vivid. As, however, there is nothing evidential in the narrative—for it is, of course, impossible to apply to it any test that might establish its truth or falsity—we feel that it is hardly suited for publication in 'LIGHT.'

'Radium' is the title of a clever story, written by Gouverneur Morris, which appears in 'Nash's' magazine for September. The hero, Easterling, who learns from his medical man that he can only live six months, develops faith in the going on of life after death and tries to induce a similar confidence in the woman he loves. He learns that a cure may be effected by the use of radium, but dies before he can undertake the journey to Berlin. Awakened at 3 a.m., with the sense of having been commanded to awake, the girl goes to the telephone and hears his familiar voice. He tells her the time, declares that nothing awful has happened, bids her good-bye till they meet again, and assures her he will be waiting for her when she comes. Later, she learns from the doctor that her lover passed away at four minutes after twelve, and asks him to go to Easterling and whisper in his ear that she has received his message, that all is well with her, and that 'this life is nothing.' In fulfilling his commission the doctor notices a dim radiance hovering over the head, which, after he has whispered the message, departs. It seems to the tired doctor 'as if the radiance was a sentient thing that had waited to receive the message, and, having received it, had at once departed.' The story is well and graphically told. A note of passion is struck, but Easterling has the true love and the divine 'pity which alone in the full tide of a man's passion are stronger than desire.'

A correspondent in South Africa sends us an extract from the 'Albert Times,' giving a statement attributed to Sir Robert Price, M.P. for East Norfolk, with regard to a dream concerning the 'Titanic' disaster. In this dream Sir Robert, who had previously attended a memorial service which affected him deeply, imagined himself to be on board the sinking vessel, and that his prayer, as it went down, took the form of a new version of 'Nearer, my God, to Thee.' There were, he said, several verses, but he was only able on waking to recall three, which are quoted in the extract. He added: 'I am not a hymn-writer nor a maker of verses, and so this remarkable version of "Nearer, my God, to Thee," appears to me to be all the more miraculous.'

From the little book just issued, descriptive of the sayings and doings of Abdul Baha during his stay in London (see p. 412), we learn that towards the end of his visit he united in wedlock a young Persian couple who had sought his presence for the purpose. The bride's father and grandfather had been followers of Baha'u'llah during the time of his banishment. The ceremony, as related by the bridegroom, was delightful in its simplicity: 'First, Abdul Baha took Nur Mahal Khanum into the next room and said to her, "Do you love Mirza Yuhanna Dawud with all your heart and soul?" She answered, "Yes, I do." Then Abdul Baha called me to him and put a similar question, that is to say, "Do you love Nur Mahal Khanum with all your heart and soul?" I answered, "Yes, I do." We re-entered the room together, and Abdul Baha took the right hand of the bride and gave it into that of the bridegroom, and asked us to say after him, "We do all to please God." We all sat down and Abdul Baha continued, "Marriage is a holy institution and much encouraged in this blessed cause. Now you two are no longer two, but one. . . . May joy be increased to you as the years go by, and may you become thriving trees bearing delicious and fragrant fruits, which are the blessings in the path of service." That seems to us as sensible as it is simple—no solemn promise concerning that which is beyond the power of will, and which can only be real when spontaneous and unconstrained, but just a clear declaration of the existing true affection which has brought the parties together and without which no soul-marriage—that best and highest kind of union—can exist.

Harold Begbie, writing in the 'Daily Chronicle,' pays a fine, appreciative, and discriminating tribute to the late General Booth: 'He held that no man is safe, no man is at the top of his being, no man is fully conscious of life's tremendous greatness until the heart is definitely and rejoicingly given to God. He was like St. Augustine, like Coleridge, and all the supreme saints of the world in this insistence upon the necessity for a cleansed heart and a will devoted to the glory of God; he was different from them all in believing that this message must be shouted, dinned, trumpeted and drummed into the ears of the world before mankind can awaken to its truth. . . . Sometimes, sitting alone by himself, blind and powerless, very battleworn and sad, this old man, at the end of his life, must have suffered in the solitude of his soul a grief almost intolerable. But he became more human and more lovable in these last years of distress. . . . To the end of time the spirit of William Booth will be part of our religious progress. We cannot unthink ourselves out of his realism, out of his boundless pity, out of his consuming earnestness. He has taught us all to know that the very bad man can be changed into the very good man, and he has brought us back, albeit by a violent method, to the first simple and absolute principles of the only faith which purifies and exalts humanity.'

Commenting in 'The Progressive Thinker' on a statement made by a 'pastor' of a Minneapolis Spiritualist Church, that 'the death of Mr. Stead was foreordained; that his life work on earth was completed, and that, in accordance with the foreordination, he was taken on into the higher life, there to continue his work,' 'Student' forcibly remarks: 'Predestination, foreordination pure and simple, taught by a Spiritualist pastor! William T. Stead foreordained to find a watery grave in the Atlantic Ocean, and in order to fulfil that ordination sixteen hundred human souls had to suffer a premature death! Or was it predestined and foreordained before the creation of the world, that, in this particular period, the Lord God caused to be constructed a mighty ship whose name was "Titanic," and that she should sail forth, heavily laden with foreordained people from every quarter of the globe, also people, according to their foreordination, whose time had not yet come, at the exact allotted time of the foreordination of nursing babies, prattling children, blushing maids, anxious youths, gray-haired men and women, and that the Lord God caused Satan to place an iceberg in front of the mighty "Titanic," and as she sank God caused all those whose time had not yet expired to be saved, and the sixteen hundred whose foreordination had expired to be drowned? Or was it all a trap to catch Mr. Stead?'

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR.

The Editor is not responsible for the opinions expressed by correspondents, and sometimes publishes what he does not agree with for the purpose of presenting views which may elicit discussion.

The Eidophone: An Inquiry.

SIR,—I am anxious to procure an instrument called the Eidophone. One, I understand, was invented by a Mrs. Watts Hughes, who passed from this stage of life some little time ago; but I believe that her invention has been improved on, and that an Eidophone has been produced in the United States, which shows not only the sound forms, but also colours.

I have been unable to discover where either of these instruments can be procured. Possibly some of your readers may know, and will kindly send you the information for publication.

I should also like to know where I can procure a 'trumpet' of the kind used by Mrs. Wriedt, and the cost.—Yours, &c.,
SUBSCRIBER.

An Inspiration for a Great Reform Work.

SIR,—Many have doubtless welcomed the short paragraphs in 'LIGHT,' August 17th and 24th, pointing out the moral perils to which young girls are exposed in our big cities and the urgent need for strong legislation to deal with this matter. May I add that those who wish to know what has already been done to suppress the white slave traffic should apply to Mr. Alexander Coote, National Vigilance Association, St. Mary's Chambers, 161a, Strand, W.C. The June issue of the 'Vigilance Record,' published at this office, gives particulars concerning the Bill now before the country. This Bill owes its origin mainly to the Jewish Board of Deputies and the Jewish Gentlemen's Committee for the Protection of Young Girls.

A book published by Mr. Coote, 'A Vision and its Fulfilment,' tells of the sudden inspiration which filled him with clear insight as to the first steps to be taken to bring about the inauguration of international law for the suppression of this wicked trade, the manner in which the necessary funds were unexpectedly placed in his hands, and how, in spite of innumerable difficulties, the vision was fulfilled. The story is another witness to the power of spirit over brute force, and to how strength can be perfected in weakness. This book can be obtained from the same office, if it is not already out of print, and it is well worth the sum of 3s. 6d. at which it is offered for sale.—Yours, &c.,
H. A. DALLAS.

'What About Those Rubies?'

SIR,—In reply to Mr. Belstead's letter (page 395) I have little to add to my previous statements which, although brief, were sufficiently accurate to meet with the approval of the intelligent ladies and gentlemen present at the séances in question.

I did propose to issue a pamphlet, but 'Man proposes and God disposes.' Private matters and the researches necessary to produce 'Photographing the Invisible' made inroads on my time, which have not been lessened by the incessant demands of numerous correspondents, and the proposed pamphlet has not seen the light. I am also afraid we shall have to await the evolution of a larger and more important book, which has been put on one side, owing to the necessity of producing, as early as possible, a brochure on 'Has Mr. Stead Returned?'

The apports, save the rubies and the ruby sand, are still in our possession, including the Arab-woman veil, with its pieces of silver, and coin of the reign of Constantine—a 'brass,' sufficiently old to merit the description of 'ancient.' The veil itself, when tightly rolled up, is ten inches wide and two inches in thickness; the talipot palm-leaf sheath, which was measured at the time by Mr. John Auld, has now shrunk to little more than half its former size. Of the birds, one is alive and the other died a fortnight after its receipt, owing to the perforation of its stomach by a fragment of shell, which happened to be in the gravel and shell supplied them. The bird at the time of its death was pronounced a perfectly healthy bird by the curator of the Marquis of Bute's Museum here.

How the apports were brought into the room I do not know. There are many explanations; the most popular one is that the articles were concealed on the person of the medium, and notwithstanding a critical examination by sensible men and shrewd observers, were produced in the dark at the appropriate time. I need hardly say this view is *not* the one adopted by those who were present at the sittings.

As there is absolutely nothing to be gained—even in the interests of truth—by contributions to the Press, in addition to the fairly full reports already given, I must beg to refrain. Your readers can draw their own conclusions.—Yours, &c.,
JAMES COATES.

Glenbeg House, Rothesay, August 20th, 1912.

A Premonitory Vision.

SIR,—In 'LIGHT' of August 3rd I saw in 'Items of Interest' the question, concerning the 'Titanic' disaster: 'Why do you imagine that spirit people knew what was going to happen?' Kindly permit me to say in reply that some spirit people knew some weeks before the event, and that the knowledge was communicated to me one morning towards the end of March last. I had turned from the breakfast table to the fire to read an article in 'The Daily Mail,' written by Hamilton Fyfe, describing the 'Titanic' as it was ready to leave the docks where it had been built. As I read, a picture suddenly formed between myself and the paper, showing a night scene, with what I took to be jagged and pointed rocks, with the hull of a boat standing out of the water. With the picture came a voice, clear and distinct, which said, 'This will be on its first voyage.' I instantly asked, 'Why? What is the matter with the boat?' The reply came, 'Nothing; that is all right, but it will be on its first voyage.' 'But'—well, I questioned with many 'buts,' for I felt a thrill of dismay, yet no other answer came.

The picture appeared to be about five by four inches in size, and resembled in its various gradations of light and shade an old steel engraving. I should have called it a gem had I seen it on exhibition.

Some of my friends ask, 'Why didn't you report your vision to the newspapers?' But where is the paper that would have printed it? Although late in the day, I send this to you to show that the days of 'predestined events' are not over with those who have eyes to see and ears to hear, for surely 'where there is no vision, the people perish.'—Yours, &c.,

HELEN E. BELL.

[The account of the vision might have been sent to our care and filed by us for use in case it was needed. We have a pigeon-hole for such communications.—ED. 'LIGHT.']

Photographing the Transition of the Spirit.

SIR,—I am glad to learn from 'LIGHT,' August 17th (p. 386), that amongst your readers there is at least one 'Truthseeker' who pays attention to the question of photographing the human spirit when it leaves the body at the end of its earthly life. In my opinion this is the only way in which the survival of the spirit might be really and scientifically proved, and I am convinced that as soon as it has become possible to fix on a cinematographic film the process of development and separation of the ethereal double of any dying human being without the aid of that human source of occult forces, called a medium, that in so many cases appears to be the unconscious producer of spirit phenomena, then all doubt about the destiny of mankind would be banished for ever.

In reply to 'Truthseeker's' question, I beg to inform him that in 'Het Toekomstig Leven' ('The Future Life') of April 1st, 1912, appears the following statement:—

'Nowadays, Dr. Ochorowicz, in Warschau, member of the University of Lemberg and author of a book about magnetism and hypnotism, is earnestly experimenting in the photographing of spirit phenomena. Some time ago, according to English and German papers, he succeeded in making a photographic plate so sensitive that, without the aid of a medium, the human spirit on leaving the body of a dying man could be fixed on the plate.'—Yours, &c.,

B. H.

Flowers: 'The Smiles of God.'

SIR,—The letter of Miss E. P. Prentice on 'Flowers' interested me very much, because it 'set me thinking.' To say I love flowers does not express my feelings at all; it is a deeper, holier sensation. Each flower represents for me a smile of God. So I wondered to myself if *it really was wrong* to cut them and take their young lives quite for oneself for so short a time, although I can no more throw away a half-dead flower than I could discard a friend who was ailing. After much pondering one answer came clear and plain: 'Flowers, too, have their appointed task, though for each blossom it may not be a long one; yet it is to give joy and gladness they are sent by the All-Father, the giver of all good things. They, too, have to do their duty, even to the laying down of their lives.' Again I pondered: 'I must ask my various spirit friends what they think'; but before I had time to think of more than half-a-dozen names of those I intended asking, well, I couldn't see for flowers; they were all over and around me; and I heard quite clearly, 'This is what we think.' Then came a great peace, and I was content; there was no sin; only a glow of thankfulness and glory to 'the Giver,' my Father and their Father.

Then I remembered all the heavenly gifts of flowers my beloved ones have ever brought to me, and how in the dark days of a London winter I have looked in vain for the sweet tea roses, whose scent filled the room as I entered. Also I

remembered the great sheaves of wild flowers and beautiful grasses those dear little ones have piled up on my lap, gathered in the sunny fields of Paradise, their homeland. And there was no more doubt for,—Yours, &c.,

RADIUM.

P.S.—I have frequently noticed that flowers brought me from spirit-land were quite two months in advance of ours on this plane, such as primroses, violets, wild roses, &c.

SOCIETY WORK ON SUNDAY, AUGUST 25th, &c.

Prospective Notices, not exceeding twenty-four words, may be added to reports if accompanied by stamps to the value of sixpence.

MARYLEBONE SPIRITUALIST ASSOCIATION—*Shearn's Restaurant, 231, Tottenham Court-road, W.*—Mr. Percy R. Street gave an interesting and instructive address. Mr. W. T. Cooper presided. Sunday next, see advertisement on front page.

STRATFORD.—WORKMAN'S HALL, 27, ROMFORD-ROAD, E.—Mr. G. R. Symons gave an eloquent address. Sunday next, at 7 p.m., Mrs. Mary Davies, address and clairvoyance.—W. S.

BRIXTON.—8, MAYALL-ROAD.—Lady members occupied the platform. Sunday next, at 7 p.m., Mr. Horace Leaf, address and clairvoyance. Lyceum at 3 p.m. Circles as usual.—G. T. W.

HACKNEY.—240A, AMHURST-ROAD, N.—Mrs. J. Neal gave a much appreciated address on 'Vain Regret,' and answered questions. Monday next, at 8 p.m., members' circle.—N. R.

CROYDON.—ELMWOOD HALL, ELMWOOD-ROAD, BROAD-GREEN.—Mr. E. W. Wallis's splendid and instructive inspirational address on 'Spiritualism, a Protest, a Proclamation and a Prophecy' was greatly appreciated. Sunday next, morning service, 11.15; evening, at 7, Mr. W. E. Long will give an address.—J. W. W.

BRIGHTON.—MANCHESTER-STREET (OPPOSITE AQUARIUM).—Mrs. A. Boddington gave good addresses and excellent clairvoyant descriptions. Sunday next, at 11.15 a.m. and 7 p.m., Mr. H. Boddington, addresses. Tuesday, at 3, working party; at 8 p.m., also Wednesday, at 3, clairvoyance.—H. J. E.

BRIGHTON.—HOVE OLD TOWN HALL, 1, BRUNSWICK-STREET, WEST.—Mr. R. Boddington gave good addresses, and Mrs. G. C. Curry clairvoyant descriptions. Sunday next, at 11.15 a.m., circle; 7 p.m., Mrs. Curry. Tuesdays, at 3 and 8, also Wednesdays, at 3, Mrs. Curry, clairvoyance. Thursdays, at 8.15, public circle.

KINGSTON-ON-THAMES.—ASSEMBLY ROOMS, HAMPTON WICK.—Mrs. Jamrach gave helpful address and clairvoyant descriptions. Sunday next, Mr. T. O. Todd, on 'Religion and Science in Concord.' Two services—11 a.m. and 7 p.m.—both in above hall.—T. B.

STRATFORD.—IDMISTON-ROAD, FOREST-LANE.—Morning, discussion on Mr. Hammond's paper on 'Why I am a Spiritualist.' Evening, Mr. Walker spoke on 'Who and What is God?' and gave clairvoyant descriptions. 22nd, Mrs. Neville gave an address and psychometric delineations. Sunday next, at 11.30 a.m., Mr. Wilmot on 'Spiritualism and Demonism'; at 7 p.m., Mr. E. W. Beard. 5th, Mrs. Ingleton. 8th, Mr. Horace Leaf.—A. T. C.

HOLLOWAY.—PARKHURST HALL, 32, PARKHURST-ROAD.—Flower services, morning and evening. Mrs. Mary Davies answered questions, delivered an address on 'The Soul of Flowers,' and gave clairvoyant descriptions at both meetings. Crowded audience at night. 21st, Madame Clara Irwin gave psychometrical readings. Sunday next, at 11.15 a.m., Mr. J. Abrahall; Lyceum at 3 p.m.; at 7, Mr. George F. Tilby on 'Healing.' Wednesday, Mrs. Mary Davies. September 8th, Miss M. Ridge.

PECKHAM.—LAUSANNE HALL, LAUSANNE-ROAD.—Morning, suggestive paper by Mr. Scott, followed by questions and discussion; afternoon, encouraging meeting of Lyceum; evening, Mr. H. Leaf gave an address and good clairvoyant descriptions. Soloist, Mr. Baker. Sunday next, at 11.30 a.m., Mr. Smallwood; at 3 p.m., Lyceum; at 7 p.m., Mrs. Jamrach. September 8th, at 7 p.m., Mrs. Podmore. Tuesdays, 8.15, healing. Thursdays, 8.15, public circle.—A. C. S.

BRIGHTON.—BRUNSWICK HALL, 2, BRUNSWICK-STREET EAST, WESTERN-ROAD, HOVE.—Sundays, at 7 p.m., address and clairvoyance. Circles: Tuesdays and Fridays, at 8; Thursdays, at 3.30; Wednesdays, at 8, materialising.—L. A. R.

SOUTHEND-ON-SEA.—MILTON-STREET.—Miss Violet Burton gave an address to a good audience.

NOTTINGHAM.—MECHANICS' LECTURE HALL.—Mr. W. J. Leeder gave addresses, morning and evening.

SOUTHAMPTON.—CAVENDISH-GROVE.—Mr. Mundy, of Bournemouth, gave addresses and good clairvoyant descriptions.

BATTERSEA PARK-ROAD.—HENLEY-STREET.—Mr. Matthews gave an excellent address and clairvoyant descriptions.—N. S.

CLAPHAM.—HOWARD-STREET, NEW-ROAD.—Mrs. Harvey, of Southampton, gave an address and clairvoyant descriptions.